

The Woman's College of
The University of North Carolina
LIBRARY

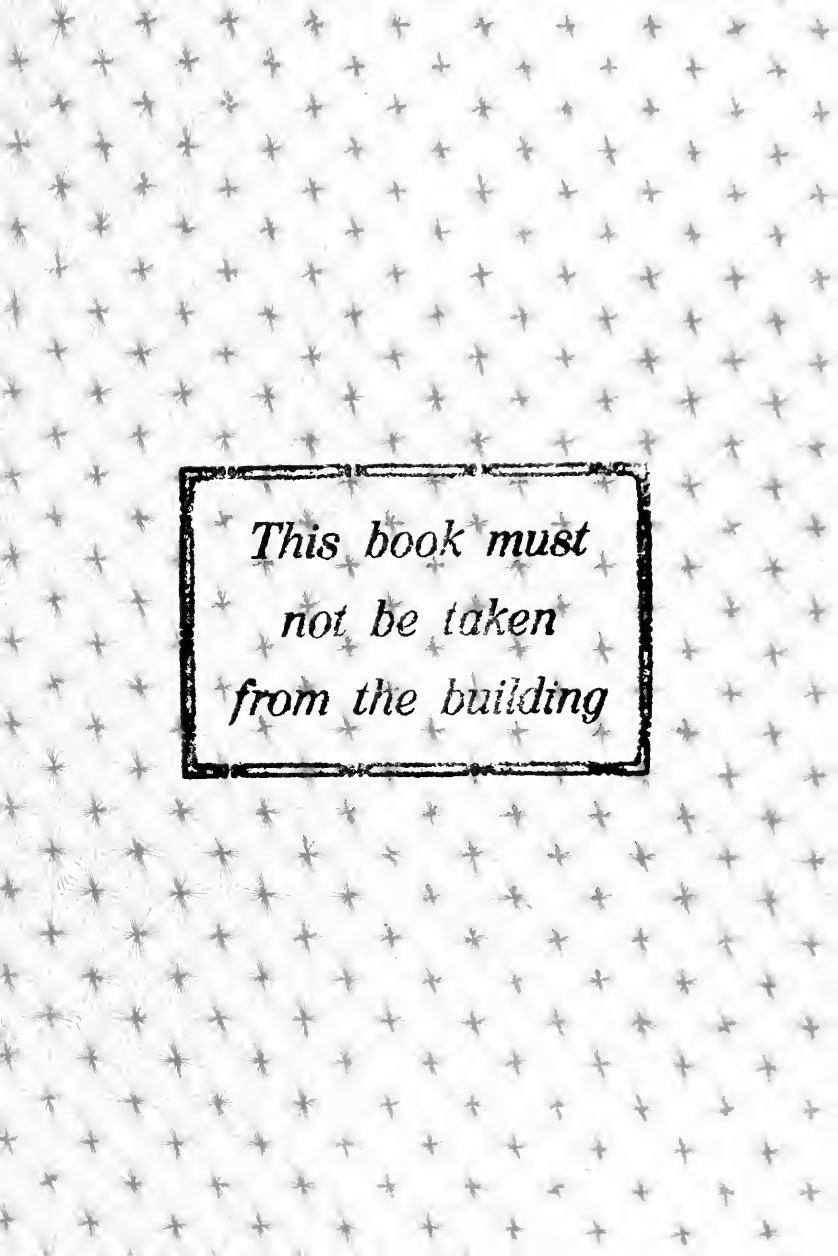


Class CN

Book N86 co

V. 20

Accession 11917



*This book must
not be taken
from the building*

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrisis Members and Sloan Foundation

State Normal Magazine

Vol. 20

October 1915 — May 1916

CN
N8 Gco
V.20

State Normal Magazine



OCTOBER, 1915

Vol. 20

GREENSBORO, N. C.

No. 1

cop. 2

Entered April 3, 1897, at postoffice at Greensboro, N. C., as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



State Normal Magazine

VOL. XX

GREENSBORO, N. C., OCTOBER, 1915

No. 1

The Master-BUILDER: A Tribute

Louise Winston Goodwin

Once there dwelt in the plains of life a Master-BUILDER, who had a noble vision of fair white walls, gleaming among the clouds, upon the mountain-top. And moved by the vision, he went up into the solitude, to build this fair dream-palace from the whitest of materials—womanhood. But few men caught his vision, or dwelt in the mountainside, above the plains. So, for years, labored the Master-BUILDER, alone. But the toil upon the mountainside was passing weary, and broke his strength. And at length, while yet the walls were scarce begun, and their whiteness could be seen but a little way on the plains below, he must needs go into a far country to rest. But he left this message for the people: "I must go; but I leave you my white palace. Build on—and complete the work I have begun."

From the plains below white walls were glimpsed, half-built, gleaming in the sunlight. And regret filled the hearts of men in the plains, who loved the Master-BUILDER—regret that such fair walls should stand unfinished. And one said: "Let us go up and build the master's palace; 'tis pity it stands, half done."

And some of the people from the plains went up the mountainside, and labored upon the shining turrets. And as they wearied, others took their places. And ever the walls rose higher and whiter, and as they builded, joy of the vision filled the laborers' hearts, and they sang in their building.

And wafted down to those below came snatches of their song.
 . . . "To live . . . to love . . . to serve",
 . . . echoes from the mountain top—full, ringing,
 clear.

Years have passed, nor are the white walls yet finished.
 They still rise—the towers of the shining palace—and ever,
 clearer, stronger comes down the labor-song, a call for others
 to join the singing builders on the mountain top. For the
 vision of the Master-Builder grows more large, more fair, with
 each passing year. And the spirit of Charles Duncan McIver,
 voiced by the wind-borne song of the builders, touches ever
 more deeply the hearts of men, calling them from the plains
 to the mountainside—"To live . . . to love . . .
 to serve".

'Possum Huntin' Time

Arey Lipe, '16, Cornelian

De leaves hab done begun to fall,
 De days am growin' col',
 So git yer torches lit, an' call
 Yer dogs together fas',
 Fer it's 'possum huntin' time.

They ain't no fun in all de 'arth
 Like 'possum huntin' time;—
 Till 'taters lay out on de hearth
 All juicy like, an' soft,
 An' it's 'possum feastin' time.

Her Garden

Margaret George, '18, Cornelian

The little blue sunbonnet bobbed cheerily on one side of the low picket fence, while the big garden hat, elegant in its simplicity, bowed and rose gracefully on the other. Under the sunbonnet was a round, rosy little face, just now drawn into the most earnest of expressions, as, stooping, she prodded a hole in the ground with one chubby forefinger and with the other grimy little hand inserted the last of her nasturtium seed. Then wiping her moist, dirty little hands on her erstwhile stiffly starched pink gingham frock, she surveyed, with growing dismay, the long space between the last nicely patted mound, cozily holding a nasturtium seed, and the point where the vine-covered cottage joined the fence. It was of no use, the seeds just *wouldn't* spread any farther; and there would be a great space of the fence left bare, while the rest was covered with luxuriant green and gorgeously flaming blossoms. She had pictured the whole fence so covered, and now—the corners of her mouth began to quiver at the disappointment.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the fence, under the big garden hat, a dark haired girl, with wistful eyes, and a mouth which looked unused to its present plaintive mould, was listlessly dropping several seed into each of the holes which her slender, gloved hands so dexterously made with the little trowel at her side. From time to time, attracted, perhaps, by numerous grunts and puffs from beneath the sunbonnet, she glanced with lighting eyes across the fence. As she discovered the disconsolate little figure, she approached the fence, and tentatively remarked:

“How soon do you suppose they’ll be peeping out?”

“In most no time, if you love ’em,” answered the child under the sunbonnet, bravely attempting a smile, though the corners of her mouth still wavered treacherously, as she glanced at the long stretch of unbroken soil along the fence.

Following her glance, the clear brown eyes under the garden hat took in the situation in an instant, and warmed

from pleasantry to sympathetic comradeship, as their owner, with an impulsive gesture, exclaimed:

"Do you know, I cannot imagine what I am going to do with all these nasturtium seed; for I've planted all that I want and have a whole package left over. Do you suppose you could stick them in over there, so that they can peek out, all sweet and green, with their brothers and sisters?"

With a quick grasp of realized longings, the chubby little figure danced forward, only to draw hastily back. She remembered that just yesterday she had heard Mrs. Perkins, from over the way, say that the proud young couple that moved into the big house next door "would come to no good end, going around with their heads in the air, not a-speakin' to them as tried to be neighborly, unless to patronize 'em, and not a-speakin' to each other half of the time".

Her mother had remarked that she felt sorry for the girl; that she seemed to her to be in an odd and trying position, shut up in that big house, in a strange neighborhood with only her young husband, who seemed rather indifferent and surly as company.

There was a great deal more said, which left the little sunbonnetted head in very much of a puzzle as to whether the pretty lady of the garden hat was engaged in mistreating the whole neighborhood, Mrs. Perkins in particular, or whether she was, herself, sorely abused.

Thus, at the present moment, she did not know whether to suspect treachery or to believe that the lady on the other side of the fence was the beautiful fairy she seemed to be.

"It really wouldn't be quite fair to them, the seeds, you know, not to give them a chance to come out and be beautiful," pleaded the soft voice, while the dark eyes smiled tenderly into the upturned, troubled blue ones.

"I s'pose not," came from the depths of the sunbonnet with a hopeful, yet doubtful little gasp. "Haven't you *any* place you could plant 'em?"

"Not a single place," said an equally hopeful, equally doubtful voice, from beneath the garden hat, as its owner glanced surreptitiously about her expansive grounds and again across to the wee plot before the tiny cottage.

At last the transfer was accomplished, and as the little bonnet bobbed along on the one side of the fence, and the pudgy forefinger gouged holes and inserted seed with infinite care, they talked—the tall, wistful-eyed girl and the wee, chubby one—of the prospects of their gardens.

“Hadn’t you better plant them deeper?” said the girl, tentatively.

“Ump-um, I just loves ’em, and then they come up from love of me,” gurgled the wee one, happily preoccupied.

Hearing the click of the gate the girl turned, and the wistfulness deepened in her eyes, as she caught a glimpse of the lithe, well-set figure of her husband, making his way with listless, leisurely step, toward home—their home.

This was not as she had often pictured it. It was all so sickeningly disappointing. Only a few months ago they had, in the midst of an aura of joyous dreams, united their lives to live forever in a paradise of love. And what a—! Not that he had done anything upon which she could seize. ’Twas all in the air! She felt it echoed the strain in her heart. She had always thought that it was *their* love for the upper world of light, that drew them out, and yet—maybe the little curly head under the blue sunbonnet had given her the secret for which she had been searching.

She had been rebellious, because he had seemed to become indifferent; had she also changed? Was there, after all, a part for her to play, and was she, failing to fill her role, as much to blame for the present unbearable state as he?

“You must love ’em; and ’en they come up for love of you,” sang her heart, as, hearing the gate creak, she turned with a new joy in her eyes, an unwonted spring in her step, and hastened through the shrubbery.

On the next day, the little blue sunbonnet did not appear on the other side of the fence, nor on the next, nor the next. The little white cottage was locked and barred; its inmates had gone to visit a grandmother in the country. At first, the garden hat was a little lonely, but the well-set little head beneath it was so full of brand-new plans and ideas, that there was no time for loneliness.

When, after several months of scorching heat, the little

cottage was reopened, and the sunbonnet reappeared,—it was to find sore havoc wrought in the little plot within the picket fence. The July and August suns had baked and cracked the hard dry earth, withering the tiny plants which were planted too shallow to gather their moisture from below. On the other side of the fence, however, all was luxuriant, and the fence itself was tangled in all shades of yellow, red, and orange, against their background of rich green.

As the little girl stood with trembling lips, surveying the ruin, she heard voices, and glancing over the fence, caught a glimpse of the garden hat, worn by the same and yet a strangely new beautiful lady. With her was a gentleman, a very handsome gentleman, thought the wee one; and when he smiled a serious sort of smile, as he gravely shook hands with her, in recognition of his introduction as “My Husband” “to the little Lady of the Blue Sunbonnet”, she thought him a veritable “Prince Charming”.

The sadness over the ravished garden was forgotten, in wonder at the change in the lady of the garden hat; for as she glanced at the gentleman, there was something in her face which made the blue eyes of the wee beholder stand wide with puzzled wonder. Soon, however, the wee one fell again to wistful contemplation of the mass of nasturtium blossoms on the other side of the fence; and as she contrasted them with hers, her tearful little voice murmured:

“How did you ever make them grow so lu-u-vely?”

Then answered the girl of the garden hat, in a soft, happy voice:

“Why, I just loved ’em up! I planted deep, and kept on loving until they came up.”

The little girl in the blue sunbonnet laughed in happy chorus with the big girl in the garden hat; yet she wondered why the brown eyes looked toward the “Prince Charming” rather than at the nasturtiums.

Personality and Optimism—and Browning

Louise Winston Goodwin, '16, Adelphian

Wherever we speak the name of Robert Browning some one who knows—although little—about him, is sure to immediately have the idea, “optimism”. And should you ask why this thought at the mention of his name, in all probability would flash by the lines,

“Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All’s blue!”

Now, a closer study of Browning’s poetry, in quest of the secret of his optimism, brings us upon another idea, “personality”, which on exhaustive study proves most interesting.

Browning’s poetry (quoting Prof. Carson) “embodying the profoundest thought, the subtlest and most complex sentiment, and above all, the most quickening spirituality of the age”, strikes one with his “invigorating and refreshingly strong *humanity of song*”. It is not of the intellect, but the human heart—the soul itself—that interests him.

Thinking nobly of the soul, Browning treats it so—as supernatural, and “not matter, nor from matter, but above”; yet so “bound to the natural, that restraint and obstruction by the natural strengthens or breaks it, even in its attempts to attain independence, and a nearer approach to the divine”, toward which, while “a composite of individualized divine force” itself, it is destined to gravitate, through the limitations of the finite. He conceives of the human soul as bearing somewhere, a “fair, fine trace” of the infinite, which it is the mission of life to trace out, and make clearer by active faith, healthy doubt, and progress, with ever-growing aspirations toward the next life, which shall still be growth, until the soul finally attains the infinite—its final and only true goal.

“ . . . the soul . . .
Constituting man’s self, is What Is—
 . . . and tending up,
Holds, is upheld by, God, and ends the man
Upward in that dread point of intercourse,
Nor needs a place, for it returns to Him
What Does, What Knows, What Is, three souls, one man.”

Yet this spiritual side of personality is not over emphasized. No one has realized and loved the glory of the natural and the physical more than Robert Browning, as he puts this upon the lips of old Rabbi Ben Ezra:

“ All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul! ”

He glories in the vivid, vigorous, and very human life of every day. Here is sheer physical joy, in the song of David, in “Saul”:

“Oh, our manhood’s prime vigor!
Oh, the wild joys of living
How good is man’s life, the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!”

While the spiritual bearing of things is the all in all of his poetry, the robustness of Browning’s nature, the fullness and splendid equilibrium of his life “make him the healthiest and most human of all the modern poets”.

From Browning’s full recognition of the significance of the flesh, springs his fine and sincere optimism—not the blue sky and posy kind, but a big, constructive, human optimism, that reaches to the depths of society, to lift up the lowest fallen characters, that dethrones a saint, in order to humanize a scoundrel; that sees the “fair, fine trace” upon them all, and foresees their final regeneration, *because* it is there—the bit of God in man. It is an optimism founded upon experience, joyful—*per se*—“experience with what we may preeminently call his own subject—*love*”. Herein lies his greatest value as an optimist. “To Browning,” Chesterton says, “probably the beginning and end of all optimism was found in the faces in the street. Each looked toward some quarter of heaven not seen by any other eyes,” seeing a vision, it may be, of love, or duty, or knowledge—a passing vision, perhaps. But the lesson stays, and brings hunger for more love, more knowledge. In “Abt Vogler”, we have the lesson of the passed vision—not of a face in the street, to be sure, but of an artist’s, which is the same, after all:

“Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
 Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
 For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
 That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
 Never to be again!

Therefore, to whom turn I, but to thee, the ineffable Name?
 Builder and Maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
 What, have fear of change from thee, who art ever the same?
 Doubt that thy power can fill the heart thy power expands?
 There never shall be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
 The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
 What was good shall be good, with for evil, so much good more;
 On the earth, the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground, to lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
 Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.”

G. K. Chesterton gives us a striking discussion of this optimism. He classifies it under two “doctrines”. “Browning was right,” says Mr. Chesterton, “in saying that in a cosmos where incompleteness implies completeness, life implies immortality, and hope lies in the imperfection of man. The second of the great Browning doctrines requires some audacity to express it properly, as the hope that lies in the imperfection of God!” He goes on to say that the poet held that sorrow, and self-denial are the privileges of man—that even God may envy; and “in this lies man’s chance to a superiority of God Himself”. He refers us to “Saul”, with this thought.

But Browning’s optimism was not based on these arguments—still borrowing Mr. Chesterton’s idea. “The arguments are symptoms of his optimism, not its origin. It was not founded upon Robert Browning’s opinions,” but on God’s greatest work—life; upon the absolute sight and sound and smell, and handling of things. “So Browning’s supreme value is, that beyond his conclusions, deeper than his arguments, he is passionately interested in, and in love with, existence. His joy is in human beings—not humanity, but men.”

He believes that to every man that has ever lived, borrowing from Prof. Carson this time, God has given a definite and peculiar confidence; that man’s life is fragmentary expression of this message.

And so it is, genially, reverently, honestly, Browning recognizes and respects the distinct personality, the "fair, fine trace" in each and every soul; and not a soul-type, patterned after a conventional design. He has the deepest sense of the sanctity of human differences—and of the disastrous results of playing with souls. We have this idea in the powerful dramatic poem, "In a Balcony"—an exquisitely beautiful thing that bears us, in quick succession from a sense of disappointment, and shallowness, and false values in the juggling of one soul with another, through a tragic series of rising ideals and emotions, into a triumphant moment of perfect love—and hence of a perfect all. In "A Forgiveness", we have again the situation of misunderstanding, and the bungling efforts of one mind to mould another's course.

Browning is opposed to the modern theistic philosophy, that makes the individual the center of the universe. He views life with a quick sense of the intense reality of God, and the human soul. "It matters not what is lost, if God be found; or how much is swept away . . . if the soul is saved." We like to recall here the personality of the poor wretch in "Instans Tyrannus":

"The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
So, *I* was afraid!"

And on, around the cycle of life, for the soul coming from God, all science, knowledge, art, love—all are golden roads that lead the human back to the divine personality again.

Now for Browning's optimism, in illustration. See how he looks upon Failure, in "A Grammarian's Funeral", and in "Apparent Failure", where he teaches us that big failures are better than small successes; and that

"What's begun best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accursed."

And where, in the utter corruptness of things, "God has not said a word", he trusts in the infinite love of an Infinite God, nor is afraid.

“Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be
The last of life, for which the first was made,”

throws a glow over the later years, a glow of enthusiasm and ripening joy. And the triumph note in “Prospice”! Listen!

“Fear death? To feel the fog in my throat,
The mists in my face? . . .
No, let me taste the whole of it!” . . .

It rings clear and free and true, suggesting a later poem, Lanier’s “Stirrup-Cup”:

“Death, thou’rt a cordial, old and rare;
Look how compounded, with what care!
Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt;
Hand me the cup whene’er thou wilt;
’Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me,
I’ll drink it down, right smilingly.”

There’s another beautiful thought about death, in “Evelyn Hope”—the thought of

“ . . . The love to reward the love . . .
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
Thru worlds I shall traverse, not a few. . . .
till we . . . wake and remember, and understand.”

And of love—Browning’s poetry is love, love, love—“the best thing in the world, and the thing that lives longest”.

A study of Browning, searching out these ideas in their linked completeness, is like standing upon the highest pinnacle of Grandfather Mountain, in the Blue Ridge, shrouded in a veil of cloud-mist. Suddenly a rushing wind sweeps away the obscuring mists; and below us roll hills and valleys, away and away, in a wonderful panorama that stretches several states before us, with their well nigh invisible towns in a rich setting of forest reaches—the valleys of men, very fair in their relative beauty. Browning does just this. He takes us up onto a towering mountain top, with his “lightning flashes of insight”; and with the rushing wind of his vivid, vigorous personality, in its intense passion and inspired insight, reveals to us the hills of life, and the valleys tenanted with living men—to make us feel in the very heart of us, that

“Straight is a path of gold . . .
And the need of a world of men, for me!”

“Cracker Crumbs—and Billy Goats”

Margaret Blythe, '17, Adelphian

With his head below the edge of his desk and body half out in the aisle, Ted was busily engaged in—arranging his books?—not quite; he was rapidly packing up some supplies: a bag of gum drops were transferred from desk to one coat pocket, a yellow bundle of loose soda crackers to the other; and finally, four enormous Dill pickles were roughly wrapped in tablet paper and pushed in on top of the crackers. Raising his head above his desk he gave a peculiar cough to attract the attention of Carrots, two desks above, who seemed to be just completing similar preparations.

“Fixed?” whispered Ted.

“Yep, I’ve been waiting on you. Go ahead!”

Taking an arithmetic and tablet from his desk, Ted opened the book carefully at his lesson, took his pencil from behind his ear, ruffled up his hair and bent over his arithmetic, industriously *copying* examples upon his paper. Watching Mr. Ware from the corner of his eye until he saw him turn from the blackboard, he held up his hand, waving it slowly above his head.

“The sun’s so awful hot on this desk I can’t study; can I move my seat, Mr. Ware?”

“Certainly, Theodore; move to the cooler side of the room.”

“May I move mine too?” Carrots also questioned. “I can’t help seeing those boys play ball; and I’ve got to get my arithmetic.”

Mr. Ware was silent for a moment, for, after all, he knew Ted and Carrots too well to fail to be rather suspicious; but finally he answered:

“Yes, if you will move very quietly.”

Slowly Ted and Carrots collected their books until Mr. Ware turned around again, then grabbing other yellow bags from their desks, they hastily tiptoed over to the other side of the room. Ted, thrusting various bags and bundles into a

certain desk on a certain row, whispered to the curly-headed little girl who was looking at him over her shoulder with dancing brown eyes:

"Gee, what's got into the old man? I was 'fraid he'd not let us come! Haven't we got the supplies though?"

Madge nodded violently, then pulling to one side a book in her desk, displayed a box of sugar-coated doughnuts to Ted and to Carrots, busily engaged in bundling paper bags into a desk just across the aisle. Having first pushed open the door of a nearby bookcase to afford shelter for coming festivities, all three mischief-planners seemingly began to study very industriously. However, three pairs of eyes—rather the corners of three pairs of eyes—watched Mr. Ware closely until he once more turned from the board and, observing with how much concentration three pupils in the back of the room were working tomorrow's arithmetic, with gratifying satisfaction, seated himself at his desk to record a list of grades. In a twinkling the bookcase door was pushed still farther open, and books were piled around the edge of the desk. Ted poured forth on the top an inviting pile of crackers, spread out bananas, ginger snaps, and candy and gallantly offered Madge the largest Dill pickle (to Carrots the smallest, however). Then the first course of the long-planned banquet began.

"Ted," Madge whispered, "Elizabeth and I are going with Mrs. Prentiss to Barnum-Bailey, when it shows in Charlotte Tuesday. And, oh, yes! Frank Prentiss is going, too."

With what pleasure could Ted have given Frank Prentiss, studying so angelically across the room, a sound slapping of jaws! Trying to cut him out with Madge! Then and there he registered a solemn vow that, if "gov'nor" could in any way be prevailed upon, Fanny Prentiss wouldn't be the only boy to go to Charlotte Tuesday.

"That's fine, Madge," Ted whispered. "I'm thinking 'bout going, too, if our scout ball team don't play Concord's team that day."

"But, Ted," Carrots began, "you know your 'gov-nor' said"—but got no farther. Beneath the shelter of the desk one of his fingers was violently jerked backward to meet his wrist! He knew 'twas time for him to "close up"! . . .

"said" . . . he ended weakly, "oh, yes, 'twas next Tuesday he said he'd need you."

The feasting waxed merrier and merrier; the bananas, ginger snaps, doughnuts and various other things were rapidly made way with, to an accompaniment of whispering and smothered laughter.

"Quit chewing so loud, Ted," Carrots whispered; "Pepper-Box'll hear you."

"Aw, can't a man chew like he wants to, 'Butt-in'?"

"You'd better be careful, though," Madge also warned; "he's getting almost 'scruntur'. Listen, Ted, if you all play that Concord team Tuesday, I don't want to go with Mrs. Prentiss. I'd rather see you all beat those stick-up guys."

Gaily the black curls were tossed backward.

"I wish you'd stay, I sure do; it'd help us a lot to win. And, Madge, I wish you'd let me come take you to the game; I'd make the rest of the team let you carry the team banner."

"Oh, goody," smiled Madge as she took a big bite of doughnut; "I'll go with you, if I can hold the banner."

"Sure! Then that's what they call a date, ain't it?"

"I don't know; I guess so," laughed the black haired little miss, "but I know we've got to stop eating, 'cause Pepper is rousing up; then it's time for history, too."

"Aw, who cares for him?" boasted Ted, forgetting himself in his elation. Had he not made his *first* date with Madge, and that one to take her to the biggest ball game of the season! Wouldn't the other boys admire his nerve, and wouldn't Fanny simply eat his mit for envy? "I ain't scared of Pepper; he won't do a thing but fuss and stomp for a while."

With that remark, Ted, with the air of a bravado, crammed the two remaining soda crackers in his mouth at one time, in spite of a dissenting frown and shake of the head from Madge, and a "crazy" from Carrots. Suddenly Mr. Ware rose, stepped (to Ted it seemed quickly) towards the back of the room, open history book in hand, and at once began the sixth grade history lesson.

"Frank, can you tell me when and where one of North Carolina's greatest battles of the Revolution was fought?"

"Yes, sir, at King's Mountain in 1780."

“Correct. Now whom—”

Conscious that Mr. Ware was looking strangely at his bulging cheeks and that he could not swallow and must certainly not chew, a very embarrassed boy squirmed down in his desk, trying hard to manage his throat and keep his face from great distortion. But he was entirely unprepared for the next stroke of fortune.

“Who took part in this battle, Theodore?”

What to do or say, Ted knew not. Everybody was looking at him. He must answer somehow. Shaking of the head was not sufficient, Mr. Ware still waited and looked.

“A—a—a,” he mumbled, “I don’t—”

Out of his mouth spurted a white shower of cracker crumbs! The floor was sprinkled, Madge’s hair was white; truly “every book and desk top were ridged inch-deep in cracker crumbs”. Amid the wave of laughter that swept over the room, Ted could only turn a fiery red face toward the window and gaze steadfastly over the ball ground. The awfulness, the embarrassment, of such an effusion could only be increased by the withering, scornful glance from Madge, and by a little note he received a few hours later, when the affair had been thoroughly investigated and each “feaster”, after a sound reprimand before the whole room, had been told to remain for two hours after school. This was the note:

“If you can’t act any better than that, spitting crackers all over people, letting the whole thing out so I’ll have to stay in all afternoon, I’m going to the ball game with Frank and let *him* wear my colors.

MADGE RAMSEUR.”

Late that afternoon, having violently thrown his last load of stove-wood at the wall behind the kitchen wood-box, Ted pulled his cap over his eyes and joining Doug Brown at the back gate, walked slowly down the back alley towards town. Without preliminary remarks he began upon the only subject in his mind that afternoon.

“Looks like girls would have more sense than that—Madge ’specially! How could a fellow help spitting out those crumbs when he had ’em in him? One thing I know, Madge ain’t going to no ball game with that slobbering, sissy Fanny Pren-

tiss, if I can help it! 'Specially after Carrots told about that date all over school. I'll fix up Fanny's eyes and nose so *he* can't go, if I can't do no better."

Kicking tin cans and barrel staves to the right and left, Ted silently walked onward, but presently began again:

"If I could just square myself with Madge, show her that I'm man enough to carry out the biggest kind of thing and not let it out, then with the same shot fix that Fanny-boy, I'd be as glad as Tom Gadstoner's old horse when he quits work."

"Ted, if you try, I bet you can do it," encouraged and comforted the meditative Doug.

To the music of the kicking of tin cans, and the flipping of stones against the sides of the warehouse, the two chums walked on. Suddenly Ted kicked a can half the length of the alley, stopped short, and grabbed Doug by the arm. "Phew," he whistled, "I've got it shore! You know things that stay over in Mrs. Bruser's yard right by the school house! Just wait a minute!"

Picking up a barrel stave, he began to sketch rapidly in the dust of the alley way.

"There's the road where the wagons go by the school house, over here's the side porch and here's the door goin' in our room. It opens right behin' the place where the head of the spelling line stands every day, and it's always smarty Mr. Prentiss. Stuck-up thing, turning everybody else down! Jemminie! I'd love to see the fat little mess take a fall from behind! That's it, perzackly! He could be let in at the door while Fanny's standing there at the head of his line."

Slapping his fist in his open hand, he gave Doug a shove and turned round and round on his heel.

"A-chooe! Madge'd see it all. I'll show her I'm a man that can do things up brown when I try."

"But, Ted, how on earth would you manage it?"

"I'd manage it all right! I believe Pless, Brant's nigger dray boy, 'ud bring him over to the porch door in the dray wagon. He's had a lot of 'sperience handling that animal, and 'ud know how to tie him tight. Then Pless's always despised Fanny since that day he told him that he saw him steal those eggs. Yes, sir! He'd be crazy about helping me

do it, and do it I'm shore goin' to! There's the dray wagon up the street yonder. Let's go ask him if he will."

Down the alley went the boys pell mell, yelling:

"Pless! Pless! Wait there a minute."

Twas spelling lesson hour in the sixth grade room, the children noisily gathered in the empty space along the side of the room to form the spelling line. Frank Prentiss, as usual, walked up to the head of the line, but Ted Logan, with an unusual air of excitement, stumbled (perhaps it was due to the fact that his eyes were fixed on a slowly approaching dray wagon to be seen through the window) to his usual place at the foot of the line. As he passed Doug, in a tense tone, he whispered: "The wagon's coming the very minute I told Pless to get here! Make lots of fuss so Pepper won't hear when Pless brings him on the porch. Land of Goshen, I'm excited."

Had it not been that his attention was fixed on the extraordinary shuffling and confusion at the end of the spelling line, Mr. Ware might have noticed that Madge Ramseur, standing straight up in her seat, was gazing out the window with eyes wide with excitement; he also might have heard very unusual sounds just outside the side door; but as it was, he, as usual, began the spelling lesson.

"We'll begin at the end of the line by the door, Frank—latch."

"L—a—t—"

Suddenly from the outside the door was thrown violently open. A clatter of hoofs—Ba—a—Ba—a—whoop—straight down the length of the room with head lowered, threateningly charged an angry billy goat, the *thing* from Mrs. Bruser's yard! The first person in his way was the head of the spelling line. Thud! he hit the floor; and on went the furious goat. Knocked backward by the opposite wall, he stood for a moment in the corner, head down, bawling angrily, then turned down the nearest aisle straight toward Mr. Ware. No one knew exactly where Mr. Ware went, but it was whispered afterwards that he jumped a row of seats and landed on top of one in the next. By this time, most people were on top of

desks, Carrots, Doug and Ted on the flower shelf, and "Fanny" still flat in the aisle, face downward, yelling at the top of his voice. Mr. Billy Goat, in the corner by the door, still bawling and shaking his head, glared over the room; truly he was "lord of all he surveyed". No one except the other shelf walkers knew just why Ted Logan was the first to regain his presence of mind and turn billy's attention to the open door, by means of turning his head in that direction with a well aimed Milne's arithmetic; but suffice it to say that the angry visitor was thus induced to exit as stormily and hastily as he entered. Ted, his eyes shining with a light of triumph, over more things than billy goats, quickly scrambled down from the flower shelf and hastily locked the door. Casting a glance full of pardonable pride at Madge, he turned to give Fanny's feet a vigorous kick and loudly remarked:

"Get up, cowardly! I've got the goat out."

At length, with some help from Mr. Ware, Fanny, his face and clothes in a sad plight, was induced to stop yelling and rise, still blubbing, from the floor.

With a strange air of amusement, mixed with embarrassment, Ted, half an hour later, received from Mr. Ware a warm commendation for his presence of mind "in ridding the room of such an unwelcome visitor". But it was with the air of one receiving a well-deserved reward, that he tucked away in his pocket a little note like this:

"It was *grand*, and so exciting, the way you had it all happen! And you were so *brave* to scare the awful thing out. Frank Prentiss is a cry-baby coward. I'll go to the ball game with you tomorrow, and carry the banner just like our date said.

MADGE."

O. Henry

Nannie Lambert, '16, Cornelian

At the time of O. Henry's death, many were the suppositions as to whether his fame as a short story writer, acquired in so short a time, would be lasting, or merely ephemeral. One editor said: "It is somewhat difficult, now, to appraise Mr. Porter's work in its entirety, or to say what position he will hold twenty years hence. That position, we think, will either be a very much higher one than he occupied in those last years of his life when he was in the full flush of success and recognition, or else he will be almost entirely forgotten." Those twenty years have not yet passed, but five of them have, and judging by these, the first part of this prophecy will be fulfilled. There is little doubt but that the ultimate future of O. Henry is secure. Every year he is gaining a firmer hold on the minds and hearts of America. He still ranks as the second American short-story writer, and will undoubtedly continue to do so, unless some one, now unknown, shall rise above him.

As some critics have said, much of his work did depend upon the "work of the moment", the latest bit of slang, the week's sensation. One critic has said of the "Rose of Dixie": "It would have been unintelligible had it been written ten years before, and will probably have very little meaning to the readers of twenty years hence." To a lesser degree this is true of most of the stories O. Henry wrote." This may be so to some extent, but the criticism is, perhaps, too severe. His stories are still "intelligible" to us, and are enjoyed as much, or even more than when they were written. It hardly seems probable that the creator of such characters as "Beelzebub", Blythe, Johnny Atwood, "Jimmie" Valentine, and "Shamrock" Clancey will ever be forgotten by the reading public.

In the case of many writers, the events of their lives are more or less unnecessary. But O. Henry's life has such marked bearing upon his books, that at least some facts con-

cerning it are indispensable to an understanding of his works. The nomadic life he led is in a great measure responsible for his books. It was a "conscious or unconscious" preparation for his work.

O. Henry, whose real name was William Sidney Porter, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1867. After attending the public and private schools of his native town until he was sixteen years old, he entered an uncle's drug store, to become clerk. It was here that his genius as a writer was first displayed. In those days this drug store was the social club of the town, and around its stove gathered rare characters which the boy transferred to paper.

At length his health began to fail, and he was sent to a friend's ranch in Texas. He never became a "cow-boy" or rancher, but mingling with the herdsmen, learned much of the picturesqueness of their life from the outside. It was here that he came in contact with the originals of the western characters that he so delightfully portrays in his stories.

Later while in Texas, he secured a position with the Houston Post. Encouraged by his success on its staff, he took over the editorship of a weekly story paper. His efforts in this line, however, were a failure, and he soon sailed with a friend for South America, and there spent some time "knocking around among the consuls and refugees". During this stay he absorbed a knowledge of the people and the atmosphere of the country, which made him master of the realistic touch and the keen insight that characterize "Cabbages and Kings". Here he accumulated enough experience for many more books. However, when he returned he must yet wander longer.

So back to Texas he drifted. After two weeks here he once more answered the call of the wanderlust and moved on to New Orleans. At length, growing weary of the place, as he would of any, he went to New York in 1902 and remained there until his death, June 5, 1910.

Thus with such a fund of experience he was able to give great variety of background to his stories. He confines himself to no city, state or country. The world is his canvas. Now we see the balmy shores of South America; now we are taken into the heart of the west; now into the great, restless

city. "Cabbages and Kings" has its setting in South America; "Friends in San Rosaria", in Texas; "Cherchez la Femme", in New Orleans; "The Emancipation of Billy", in North Carolina; and "Roads of Destiny" in New York. He knows almost every type of man and woman. The rich financier, the government official, the newsboy, the gambler, the grafter, the chorus girl, and the shop girl, all step into the limelight of his genial understanding.

Truth and sincerity are inherent in his works, which so faithfully reflect himself. O. Henry once gave the following advice to young writers: "The first rule is to write to please yourself. There is no second rule." He apparently adhered to this himself. In speaking of the hero of a novel, which he left unfinished at his death, he said: "I want the man who is telling the story to tell it—not as he would to the reading public—but something in this way. Suppose he were marooned on an island in mid-ocean, with no hope of ever being rescued, and in order to pass away the time, he should tell a story to himself, embodying all his adventures, experience and opinions." He tells all his stories as he would have this hero do.

His stories, as a rule, teach no lesson or moral, but are just delightful, romantic tales—yes, always romantic. His people are just common, ordinary folks, but what happens to them is not ordinary. He "gives the romance of the common heart and the common life". He never creates a character which is a definite being, but rather a type. Any cowboy would do for one of his cowboys, any shop girl for one of his shop girls.

Into the most serious part of a story he will often inject some absurdity, which gives a light turn to it, so that it would be impossible to take it seriously.

Such was this O. Henry—with his flashing genius, ready wit and keen insight—who has delighted and will continue to delight thousands of readers with his stories.



SKETCHES

“Would You Mind_____”

Laura Linn Wiley, '18, Adelpkian

“Neither a borrower nor lender be, as it dulls the sharp edge of husbandry,” quoted Elizabeth with special emphasis on the “borrower”.

“Well, you old tease,” protested Jeannette, “you know Helen doesn’t care if I wear one of her ties to dinner. I’ve spilt something on all of mine.”

“Well, get it, and come on! The bell has already stopped ringing. For heaven’s sake, leave a little powder and ‘ruby lips’ for Helen. To look at you one would think that one was with a chorus girl!”

A laugh and a jolly scamper down the hall ensued.

It was after dinner and once more “the bunch” was gathered in their room.

“I sho’ was glad I had on my rubbers—Come in! Why, hello, Sue,” Mary exclaimed as the prim and proper little Sue Jones entered “S’matter? You been crying?”

“No,” sniffed Sue, “I’ve got (sniff-sniff) a bad cold” (more sniff).

Silence reigned for a few minutes.

“Don’t you think the laundry—er—I mean, is there anything you want down town?”

“Peanuts, chewing gum, pop corn, lollypops!” the girls cried excitedly.

“All right!” replied Sue as she halfway started to go. Something seemed to be troubling her mind. (Sniff-sniff.) She brought forth a very soiled handkerchief. “Mr. Sink said er—er—said he couldn’t get my laundry back this week. Isn’t that awful? I’ve got this cold, too, and need handker-

chiefs so bad! Come to think of it, I don't see how I'm going down town without a clean handkerchief."

"O, I'll lend you a handkerchief," said Mary.

"No, I will," insisted Helen—and immediately a collection of handkerchiefs was produced.

"I hate to do this," said Sue meditatively; "are you *sure* you don't mind? Thank you so much! I'll wash it out in the morning"—and she left, having accomplished the object of her visit.

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed Ruth as she burst into the room a few minutes later. "Do let me have your chafing dish just a little while."

"Delighted!" was the cheery reply.

"Well, the 'nervy nat'!" said Mary after Ruth had sailed out with the object of her search; "borrow our chafing dish and not invite us to the eats. I never did like her anyway. She's too everlastingly queer! Come on, let's get the best of her yet!"

"I know," suggested Helen, "let one of us be walking down the hall and fall. Make a lot of fuss, and the rest of us will come flying out. Then she'll have to come and—er—you know! Mary, you do the falling. It won't hurt, 'cause you're so little."

"Well," replied Mary, very heroically, and started forth. The plan was very successful(?).

"O, Mary, are you hurt?" inquired Ruth, as she opened the door.

"Not much," answered Mary stoutly, rising and trying to get a peep through the open door.

"By the way, girls," exclaimed Ruth, "I was just coming over to get you all. Do come in. I'm heating the water now to finish a little experiment we started in chemistry this afternoon. It's awfully interesting!"

"O, no indeed! We wouldn't think of bothering you! Anyway, we are busy—er—studying," and a rather crestfallen crowd wandered down the hall to meet little sniffing Sue, who had just come in with a five-cent bag of pop corn.

NOTE.—Gentle reader, there's a moral to this tale—delicately hidden—but there!

No Ads.

Carrie Goforth, '17, Cornelian

"No Ads.", translated into proper English, "no admittance" signs, are the funniest things in the world to me. Why, they mean everything from "stay out" to "come in", with a whole, whole lot of variations.

Now, just a plain "no ad." doesn't mean much, but if there is an underscored "positively" in front of it—my, it's full of meaning then! And you'd better silently steal away when your presence is greeted with this formidable command.

But if "please" is inserted after the "no ad.", unless you happen to be very, very thoughtful of other girls' wishes you may feel free to go in, or to call to her across the transom, just as you wish, for she isn't of the fierce order, and will just look a little bored, perhaps, or a little as though she just wished you weren't there. But, of course, you don't mind that—she's such a sweet, amiable, respectful sort of girl. "Busy" in big, black, blotty letters, all marked under with forcible inkings, always has about it the tantalizing odor of frying sausage or the gentle, sense-stirring aroma of coffee or chocolate fudge; and you know you're not expected. So you just content yourself with leaning against the door and sniffing—great, audible, delighted sniffs. Oh, it's loads of fun just to smell; don't you think so?

When you're greeted with a "no ad.—Math!" you always, some way or other, call to mind the lovely Harrison Fisher girl on the last Cosmopolitan and instinctively smack your lips with pleasure at the bare thought of the joy that the young lady on the inside is getting out of Booth Tarkington's latest love story. But take my word for it—you might get "sat upon" if you made a personal investigation—and I know.

It surely is puzzling, this "no ad." system of ours. For we're all women, and we all know women; and we know that "stay out" generally means a cordial "come in" with us. And I just wonder whether if we all put "*Come in, please*" on our doors, we wouldn't live quieter, more undisturbed lives. It looks a bit that way, doesn't it?

Vague Ideas

Aletha Hancock, '18, Cornelian

Idea: "a conception, a notion, or a supposition"; vague: "lacking in definiteness, or precision". . . Oh, well, you need not bother especially about what Mr. Webster says they are, for it is really quite possible that we have a plenty of everyday, State Normal illustrations. In regard to their classifications, my—er—my "conception" of them is rather "lacking in definiteness or precision", so suppose we simply call to mind a few of them, and consider their effects.

Now, for the "new" girls, just the word "initiation" sails around and about under their capillary substance, in the form of a *vague idea*. It is not strange that, as the days draw nearer and nearer to the time of this fresh ordeal, little Miss "New" Girl's mental image of the small-sized goat which her brother plays with at home dwindles to Lilliputian proportions beside the magnitude of the one which is produced by the most powerful microscope ever focused upon one of these terrible creatures? Oh, but you must remember that she is in college now, and her ideas are enlarging.

As for the welfare of all of us, we are told that suppositions we may have are usually not very conducive to our happiness here—that is, that they sometimes result in dire effects if they are used in connection with, let us say, mathematics. On the other hand, in the mornings when we occasionally breakfast a la "X, Y, Z", why is it just as well for you to have *vague ideas* concerning the composition of this concoction, as not. Once I wrote a few "vague" thoughts about a *vague idea* on a "vague" English topic; but do you know that with all this "vagueness" when the theme was returned to me the marks and criticism were not at all "vague"? So, you see you just never can tell how they are going to turn out in the end.

However, the chief thing in consideration is the *trouble* with *vague ideas*—you hardly ever know where to begin and what to say with them, and certainly you never know how, when or where to stop.



State Normal Magazine

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the
Adelphian and Cornelian Literary Societies.

Board of Editors

Adelphian

LOUISE WINSTON GOODWIN, '16, *Chief*
MARGUERITE WILEY, '16
MARGARET BLYTHE, '17

Cornelian

NANNIE LAMBERT, '16
GENEVIEVE MOORE, '16
ISABEL BOULDIN, '17

Business Managers

FRANCES MORRIS, '17, *Assistant*

JAY McIVER, '16, *Chief*

VOL. XX

OCTOBER, 1915

No. 1

The editors bid you a right glad welcome, old students and new, to another college year—to the deep satisfaction of sincere work; to the merry camaraderie of our campus life, where "Service" is the watch-word, the spirit of every day—the key to happiness.

The first thing, and the most important thing ahead of us all, is *finding ourselves*, and fitting ourselves into our own proper niches. For every girl in college there is something *special* to do outside of the classroom—where, of course, lie her largest tasks and most serious responsibilities.

There is the society, with all that it offers you, and asks of you; there is the organized class, with its various committees, that needs you; there is the Y. W. C. A., with the numbers of niches it invites you to fill; there are athletics, merry and vigorous, and demanding your very best in the athletic line. And by no means least, there is the Magazine. Its pages bring you not only pleasure; it offers you opportunities for self-development in thinking and writing; it opens every department to you, with an urgent invitation that you realize your obligation to help make the organ of our college

life the best, the *livest* college magazine among the exchanges. The editors want you to feel that it is *your magazine*—and *you* can help to make its success surer by *your* interest and cooperation.

Beside all these organizations, there are the folks you want to know and enjoy—the “college friends” you have always looked forward to making, and having, all your life.

So do you not see how important it is to *find yourself* as soon as possible? To decide just what you like most, and can do best, and then to start filling that niche the very best you can?

You cannot do all the things you would like to do. You can do comparatively few. So let us make a careful selection, and concentrate our best in a few worth while things.

And again, we welcome you to your waiting niches, with a right hearty “good speed”, and our wishes for the richest year all ’round, that you’ve ever spent.

L. W. G.

“Well begun is half done,” says an old German proverb. If this old proverb be true, and I think it is, we have every reason to rejoice. We have indeed made a good beginning in every phase of college life. Let us continue in the same spirit with which we have begun. It seems that almost every student has resolved to live abundantly herself, and to help those about her to do the same. Individual responsibility is of fundamental importance in any community. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we note the willingness of the students to assume that responsibility.

Now we have here a system of government which we think is helpful to the students because it tends to develop the idea of personal responsibility; one which is efficient because it places every student on her honor (and very few people have no sense of honor); one which is just, because it is democratic. We are just now beginning the second year under this government, which was granted us by our Board of Directors. It is to this government that we wish you to give your hearty support.

There are many ways in which this can be done. There

is possibly nothing that could help more than the attention to those details that are so necessary, where there are several hundred people gathered together. Oftentimes the truly great person is not the one who does things that attract the admiration of the multitude, but the person who does the little things of life in the great spirit. Our government is not perfect. We would also ask, therefore, that each student have an open mind; that she may give constructive criticism. Think of something we might do to improve what we are now attempting. Above all things else, do not indulge in destructive criticism. If at any time you disapprove of anything that is being done, just go to the ones in authority, and in a friendly manner, talk the matter over. Your officers, as far as lies in their power, want to execute the wishes of the student body. The faculty members are here, working solely for the benefit of the student body. We are all friends here together. So, let us all work together in perfect harmony and make this the best year ever.

R. B., '16.

New girls, we welcome you, want you, and need you. We want not only you, but want to help you in
A SUGGESTION every way we can, the very best we can. We need not only you, but your help; and one of the biggest ways in which you can help and be helped, is to do your best this your first college year. Doing your best will help you toward being and remaining a full classman, which will give you the opportunity to enjoy one of the most important things in a college career, and also give you a chance to help us; it will enable you to be eligible for any honor from the lowest to the highest, which the College can bestow upon you, opening thus another channel for helping us; it will give you a good standing among us, as well as an opportunity to know the best and finest women of our College, so that you can do for others what they have done for you.

And, girls, I speak from experience, when I say take advantage of a "clean slate". Now while you are through your past studies—and are up in your present ones, you have a chance to start your training practically anew, and to make it what you will. Do your best, the very best that is in you, and in future years you will be doubly and trebly repaid for it.

E. McC.



Y. W. C. A.

Mary W. Gwynn, '16, Adelporian

The first three nights that we were back in college, Sadie McBrayer, the President of the Association; Mary Gwynn, the Vice-President, and Louise Maddrey, the Secretary, spoke at our vesper services, on practical subjects, related to college life.

On Sunday night, September 19th, Dr. J. I. Foust made us a talk. He spoke of the ideal college community—one dominated by the Christ mind, sincere, loving, good, truthful in every way; one guided by definite purpose; a mind seeing things in their proper relations, and one being able to adjust the owner to his surroundings.

Wednesday, September 22nd, plans for Bible and Mission Study Classes were presented to the students by Miss Brooks, our General Secretary, in behalf of the students, and Dr. Turner in behalf of the ministers. Cards were distributed and about 150 students were enrolled for Bible classes taught in the down-town Sunday schools.

Sunday evening, September 26th, Miss Marguerite Brooks, our General Secretary, talked to us on "The Abundant Life". The students went away feeling that they were better able to live the full and abundant life, not only during their college course, but through all the coming years.

In the place of our regular mid-week prayer service, on Monday, September 27th, we had the very great pleasure of hearing Mrs. Crane, a former Normal graduate. Mrs. Crane is now a very successful missionary in Africa. She gave a very inspiring talk on the mission work in Africa.

On Sunday night, October 3rd, Miss Hawes, of Richmond, gave to the students a beautiful talk on the responsibilities of friendship. She spoke of our responsibility to our girl friends, our boy friends, and finally, to the greatest of all friends. Friendship, since then, has had a deeper meaning for us all.

Miss Anna Jones, a returned missionary from Africa, talked to the students on the night of October 10th. In a very interesting way she described her industrial school on the coast and vividly portrayed the sad condition existing in Africa.



AMONG OURSELVES

Isabel Bouldin, '17, Cornelian

The first social event of the college year, College Night, was pronounced by all a merry success. We gathered in the Auditorium of the Students' Building on Saturday night, September 18th, for an evening of jollity. Short talks of welcome were made by the presidents of the Senior Class, Student Body, and Young Women's Christian Association, after which the various college organizations gave "stunts" which showed the new girls in every unique and mirth-provoking manner something of the different phases of college life. After an enjoyable hour of watching these "stunts", the new girls were invited into the society halls, where an informal reception was held for them by the three upper classes.

On Monday morning, September 20th, the students and faculty of the State Normal and Industrial College gathered in the College Auditorium for the formal opening of the twenty-third session of the College. A warm address of welcome was made by Dr. Foust. Representatives from the various organizations of the city were with us to welcome the students. Greetings from the City of Greensboro were brought by Mayor Murphy; from the Chamber of Commerce, by Hon. A. L. Brooks; and a welcome from the schools was extended by Dr. J. L. Mann, Superintendent of the City Schools. These genial visitors helped much in starting off our college year with a friendly atmosphere.

Saturday afternoon, October 2nd, at two o'clock, the first regular mass meeting of the Student Self-Government Association was held. The meeting was called to order by the President, Miss Rosa Blakeney, the College Song was sung, and followed by the Senior, Junior and Sophomore class songs. The regular order of business was then carried out. The students were commended for their cooperation with the faculty in the organization of the College for the year. Just before adjournment the President of the Association was given a rising vote of thanks by the student body for her efficient services rendered during the trying weeks of organization. After the regular business meeting, Miss King made a brief report from the Faculty Advisory Board, giving us many helpful suggestions.

On Monday evening, October 4th, before a large audience of students and visitors, Mrs. Wade R. Brown, contralto, Miss Kathryn Severson, soprano, Messrs. Fielding Fry, tenor, and Edgar Clapp, bass, gave the following delightful program:

PART ONE

The Fishers—*Gabussi* Messrs. Fry and Clapp
 Recit. and Aria from "Traviata"—*Verdi* Miss Severson
 The Soft Southern Breeze, from "Rebecca"—*Bamby* Mr. Fry
 Bedouin Love Song—*Hawley* Mr. Clapp
 The Angelus—*Victor Herbert* (for contralto solo, quartet, piano and organ) Mrs. Brown, Miss Severson, Miss Genevieve Moore, Messrs. Fry and Clapp. Mr. G. Scott-Hunter at organ.

PART TWO

The Daisy Chain Song Cycle, (for four solo voices and piano)—
Liza Lehmann

Following the concert on Monday evening a reception was given by our faculty to the visitors and students of the College. The receiving line, standing in the Adelpian Society Halls, was composed of the members of the faculty, headed by Dr. and Mrs. Foust. Passing down the line by classes, the students had the pleasure of meeting each member of the faculty. Cut flowers added charm to the two society halls. Punch was served in the Cornelian Society Hall by Misses Long, Anderson, Davenport, and Robinson.

"Founder's Day" was observed as a holiday at the College on Tuesday, October 5th. Wreaths of flowers, tributes from the College and the Senior Class, were taken to the grave of Dr. McIver by the charter members of the faculty, Miss Fort, Miss Boddie, Miss Mendenhall, and Mr. Forney, accompanied by the officers of the Senior Class and the President of the Student Self-Government Association. A floral design was also sent to Raleigh to be placed on the grave of our first Lady Principal, Miss Kirkland. At eleven o'clock the exercises in the Auditorium were opened by an invocation by Rev. C. E. Hodgins, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church. Following the singing of the National Hymn by the students, Dr. Foust, after a short resume of the work of the College since its organization, October 5th, 1892, read telegrams of greeting and congratulations from alumnae and friends all over the state. "The Angelus," by Miss Severson, Mrs. Brown, Miss Moore, Messrs. Fry and Clapp, added the touch of reverent beauty appropriate to the occasion. The speaker of the day, Dr. E. W. Sikes, Professor of History and Economics at Wake Forest College, then addressed the audience on "Cauldrons of Strife", after which the exercises were closed with the singing of "Carolina" and our College Song. The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Melton Clark, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of the city.

It seemed especially fitting that on October 8th, so closely following "Founder's Day", we were honored by a short visit from Honorable William Jennings Bryan, who was a close personal friend of Dr. McIver. As his stay in the city was so short, Mr. Bryan came to us

in the afternoon, while we were at dinner and spoke to us a few minutes in our dining hall. He was traveling with Dr. McIver at the time of the latter's death, and spoke of the common grief at his loss, as his own deep personal one. We were glad that Mr. Bryan devoted his remarks to a tribute, both personal and professional, to Dr. McIver, whose memory is held so sacred at the College. In addition, he made a few remarks, embodying the ideals of Dr. McIver—and of every great man—leaving with us the stimulating thought that life holds for us, with interest, just what we put into it.

Another social affair of the opening weeks of the College was the reception given by the faculty to its new members. The guests were received in the sitting rooms of Spencer Building, which were tastefully decorated with palms and cut flowers. A delightful course of refreshments was served, while Hood's Orchestra, hidden by a bower of palms, furnished delightful music.

There have been two regular business meetings of the Cornelian and Adelpian Literary Societies since the opening of College. There have been no literary programmes, however. Even as this Magazine goes to press, there are mysterious whisperings and many "call meetings", which lead one to believe that the "billy goat" is being fattened and the pole being greased for the initiation which is not far distant.

On Thursday evening, October 14th, in the College auditorium, which was crowded to its limit, Frances Ingram, the contralto prima donna, charmed the large audience with her art and her talent.

We find it especially interesting to know where some of our faculty members spent the summer.

Dr. Foust was the guest of Mr. Forney at his summer home in Ashe County, and later spent some time in Waynesville, with Dr. Gudger.

Miss King spent the remaining weeks after summer school visiting resorts in western North Carolina.

Miss Fort and Miss Mendenhall enjoyed a northern trip during the summer.

The Misses Petty were at their home in Archdale. Miss Mary Petty visited in Waynesville and Highlands.

Dr. Gudger, after engaging in research work in Florida, spent the latter part of the summer at his home in Waynesville.

Mr. Smith, with his family, spent a month at Alta Pass, Mitchell County.

Miss Boddie, after visiting in Durham, was at her home at Nashville, N. C.

Miss Strong spent the summer at her home at Walahalla, S. C., except for an outing at Caesar's Head, Transylvania County.

Miss McAllester was at her home in Oshkosh, Wis.

Miss Potwine went to her home at Hartford, Conn., for the summer.

The Misses Bryan spent the summer at their home in Greensboro.

Mr. Hammel spent some time on the coast of Maine.

Miss Mullen spent the vacation at her home in Montgomery, Ala.

Miss Elliott, after a few weeks' visit in the western part of the state, was at her home in Carbondale, Ill.

After summer school Miss Moore visited in the western part of the state. She was joined by Miss Tennent in Asheville and from there they went to Alabama and Georgia.

Dr. Gove took a western trip.

Miss McAdams remained at the Normal for summer school, then went to her home at Mebane.

Miss Anderson attended summer school at Columbia University.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Hunter spent the month of August with friends and relatives in the North. Mr. Scott-Hunter has been offered the professorship of Harmony in the summer school of Chautauqua Institute. This is the largest summer school in the United States and has been called the "Summer University" of America.

Mr. and Mrs. Balcomb took a trip along the Pacific coast, visiting the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown spent part of the summer at Wrightsville Beach and other Carolina resorts.

Mr. Forney was at his summer home in Ashe County.

Miss Dora Robinson visited in Vermont.

Miss Hill went to her home in Colway, Ark., for the summer.

We are glad to have with us again Miss Winfield, who was at Columbia University last year, and Miss Ragsdale, who has been resting at her home in Jamestown and in the North Carolina mountains.

This year our faculty has nine new members. Dr. John A. Lesh, from the University of New York City, comes to us as the Head of our Pedagogy Department. Miss Christine South and Miss Gladys Smith, from Teachers' College, Columbia University, are assisting in our Domestic Science and Chemistry Departments. Mr. A. W. Crawford, from Davidson College, has charge of the tenth grade in the Training School. Miss Daisy Brooks, from Columbia University, is our new dietitian. Mrs. Laura Weill Stern, Miss Fay Davenport, Miss Marguerite Brooks, Miss Maggie Coble, and Miss Edith Haight, all graduates of the Normal, are members of our faculty. Miss Davenport has also studied at Wellesley and Miss Brooks at the National Training School in New York.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Margaret Blythe, '17, *Adelphian*

In Bible class, the other day, one of the students (I don't dare tell you of which class) was asked, "What are the Epistles—exactly?"

"Why, the wives of the apostles," she replied, and looked faintly relieved that it was one of the few questions that she *could* answer.

On chemistry lab.—Freshman: "Miss —, may I be excused as soon as I finish this *experience*?"

Miss Freshman, gently (solemnly viewing the imposing granite sundial presiding over the 1915 flower garden): "Who is buried there?"

A new girl who had just received a "Please call at the Laundry" card was heard to angrily declare, "I've never done my own washing at home, and I don't intend to do it here."

From a Senior's Plan Book: "Rest period, let them stand up and wiggle."

THE LAUNDRY

Under the spreading smokestack
The College laundry stands,—
This laundry a mighty force to us all
With Mr. Sink and his hands;
And every Thursday morning
They have visitors in great bands.
And lassies with their latest mail
Troop in at that low side door
And daintily hop across the streams
Of water all over the floor;
They love their "Call at the Laundry" cards
To mark their clothes once more.

A new student having just left a group of timid new arrivals who were exerting themselves to be on their proper "ps and qs", entered a room full of jolly Juniors. With a relieved expression, she frankly declared, "I'm glad you all are not so refined as the girls I've just left."

Want ad.—Any one desiring faculty chaperones for impromptu elopements, apply to Dr. Foust.

New student, as she strolls around the flag pole: "Are the Freshmen allowed to walk in the park?"

Smart old girl: "No, of course not."

New student: "Well, I think they might at least have special days."

Old girl: "I think I'll go over to the retreat for a few minutes."

New girl: "What is that? A place where you go to pray?"

Math. teacher, to trembling Freshman: "What is a hexagon?"

F.: "An octagon with ten sides."

The following cards were seen on the door of the room of two Freshmen:

"Laura Carlton—C. 22."

"Mary Watson—W. 54."

(The mystic symbols representing these young ladies' respective laundry marks!)

A Senior in the Training School walked into the room the other day, and before beginning the lesson, bent her head slightly, as if in deep thought.

"What's the matter, Miss ——, are you praying for order?" asked a bad boy.

New Girl: "It's so hot in the buildings up here! Last night I nearly burned up, though I had both windows and the *chandelier* up."

One of the new students asked a Junior where to find Dr. Gudger's laboratory. Upon being directed to third floor of McIver, she exclaimed in consternation: "Why, I have already been up there; but instead of the laboratory, I found myself in the zoo."

Some, some of A. 4s fun
They learned to joke when they were young,—
The only joke that they could play
Was "Bryan is coming along our way".

They set up clapping
With a sudden start;
Seven hundred followed
With delighted heart.

These looked and clapped,
Till at last they found
That they were stung—
Bryan was nowhere 'round!

Hope Watson, '17.

The following extracts were found in a witty Junior's notebook after a lecture on "Fire Prevention":

1. When you go to milk, don't set a lighted lamp by the cow. She might kick it over.

2. Don't hunt a gas leak with a safety match. The match's safety may be insured, but yours is not.
3. Get your house built before you move into it.
4. To make a fire, use—common sense.
5. Stop a fire before it starts.

Dr. Gove, in the tranquil, never-to-be-disturbed interval between office hours, anxiously answered the frantically ringing door bell, to be confronted with two friendly young Freshmen, who informed her that they "just wanted to look over the infirmary".



ORGANIZATIONS

The Student Self-Government Association

Rosa Blakeney	President	Annie Mae Fuller	Secretary
Ruth Tate	Vice-President	Madeline Thompson	Treasurer

Marshals

Chief—Annie Spainhour, Burke County, Cornelian

Adelphian

Cornelian

Annie Beam	Cleveland County	Esther Mitchell	Granville County
Edwina Lovelace	Wilson County	Kate M. Streetman ..	McDowell County
Marguerite Wiley ..	Buncombe County	Evelyn Whitty	Jones County
Flossie Harris	Rowan County	Estelle Dillon	Craven County
Kate Jones	Buncombe County	Carrie Goforth	Caldwell County

Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Lucy Hatch	President	Mary Powell	Secretary
Lizzie Fuller	Vice-President	May L. Fallon	Treasurer
Mary Dorrity	Critic	Janie Ipock	Cheer Leader

Junior Class

Madge Kennette	President	Annie Folger	Secretary
Laura Holt	Vice-President	Agnes Petrie	Treasurer
Alice V. Williams	Critic	Sadie Lee Holton	Cheer Leader

Sophomore Class

Lucile Reams	President	Naomi Neal	Secretary
Annie Newton	Vice-President	Mabel Smith	Treasurer
Ruth White	Critic		

Y. W. C. A.

Sadie McBrayer	President	Louise Maddry	Secretary
Mary Gwynn	Vice-President	Sarah Gwynn	Treasurer

Athletic Association

Jessie Gainey	President	Georgia Hatch	Special Vice-Pres.
Janie Ipock	Senior Vice-Pres.	Janie Wright	Prep. Vice-Pres.
Marriane Richards ..	Junior V.-Pres.	Madge Kennette	Secretary
Louise Davis	Soph. Vice-Pres.	Eva McDonald	Treasurer
Mary Nesbitt	Fresh. Vice-Pres.	Ellen Rosa	Critic

College Footwear

ASK THE GIRLS

They Know

Folks say—and you
hear it every-
where—

DOBSON-SILLS
FOR SHOES

“Hosiery, Too”

Dobson-Sills

*North Carolina's Most Progressive
Shoe Store*

GREENSBORO, N. C.

THE LADIES' EMPORIUM

MILLINERY, FANCY
GOODS, ROYAL SO-
CIETY COLUMBIA
WOOLS, ETC. ❧ ❧

107 W. MARKET STREET

STANDARD PICTURES
DISTINCTIVE FRAMING

The Art Shop

105 W. Market St. Greensboro, N. C.

Visit our shop and let us show you
what we are doing.

MRS. I. F. WEST

DEALER IN

**Millinery and
Hair Goods**

114 W. WASHINGTON STREET

Patronize the people
who, by advertising in
this Magazine, show that
they WANT your trade.

Every loyal Alumna and friend of the Normal is invited to
keep in touch with the college by subscribing to this *Magazine*.